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whilst it opens the door to every enormity by which cold-blooded revenge may be gratified. It was bad enough to fire a park of artillery upon the drowning, but the prisoners—*oh ! what of them ?*

“ On the succeeding morning we commenced hanging and shooting all the prisoners, which dreadful work occupied us nearly the whole of the day ” !!! December 21, 1845 !!!

THE DESERTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ANASTASIUS GRUN.

In the guard-house, pinioned, sits, The mountain-boy, once glad and free ; To-morrow muskets seal his doom, For thrice he ran for liberty.	“ I’d rather hear the merry fiddle Play’d by our good old parish-clerk, At eve when on the mountain-grass Our maids and shepherds danced till dark.
Now, to solace thoughts of death, They bring him wine and dainty cheer ;— More welcome, to his guarded room Comes his mother old and dear.	“ And then they dress me like a fool, With buckled belt, and shoulder-knot, A knapsack like a shoulder-hump, And, for a hat, this great black pot !
“ Mother, see, these foolish men Would have me break the solemn vow I gave my lovely mountain-girl, Kept sacred as my life till now !	“ And I must stand here all night waking, Forsooth, because my lord is sleeping ! Why, how much sounder sleeps the king, I’d like to know, for all my keeping ?
“ They tell me that my life is due To such a noble king as mine— But good kings, surely, don’t want BLOOD, And mother, sure, my life is THINE.	“ Twould wiser be to trust himself, As I must do, to heaven above, And let me go to stand on guard Before the cottage of my love !
“ Who will guard your house and field, And these dear locks of silver-gray, And Nanny’s hair, of golden brown, When I am buried in the clay ?	“ I loathe to die by musket balls— To-morrow, when my chains are broke, Think, mother, that, among the hills, I fell beneath a thunder-stroke !”
“ What foolery ! there they lift a pole, And on its top a painted rag, With some wild, savage beast upon ’t— And I must march beneath their flag !	The morning came—the mountain-girl Went to the quiet pasture-ground, And sat beneath a bloomy tree, With all her cattle grazing round.
“ Vultures, eagles, carrion-crows, I hated every ravenous bird, And shot them, when they ventured near, When watching by our mountain-herd.	Hark ! a sudden, angry clang, Shakes the tree above her head, And startled from its morning-dream, Its blossoms are around her shed.
“ And then across an empty tub They stretch a noisy ass’s skin— Instead of larks and mountain-birds, My ear is stunn’d with such a din !	And drops of shining dew, like tears, Are falling fast the maid around, As, in the vale, her mountain boy Falls, with his face upon the ground.

JOSEPH COSTICE.